

The Stikeen River Journal.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF WRANGEL, SOUTHEASTERN ALASKA, AND THE ALL-CANADIAN ROUTE TO THE YUKON.

VOL. 2, NO 39.

FORT WRANGEL, ALASKA, SATURDAY, SEPT. 23, 1899.

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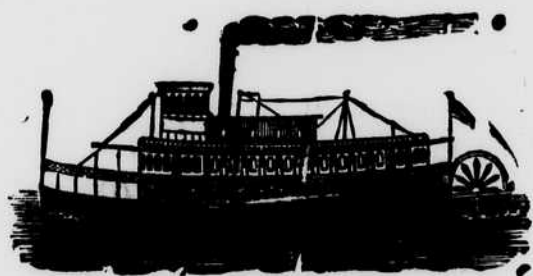
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EARTHQUAKES FELT.

Alaska Disturbed By The Elements.

Perhaps the severest series of earthquakes which Alaska has experienced in the history of its occupation by a civilized people occurred between the 3rd and 12th inst.

They traversed the entire coast from northward of the Aleutian archipelago to the Dixon entrance, a distance of about 2,000 miles, one of the greatest areas ever affected by seismic phenomena.

The shock to the extreme westward was greatest on Sunday, the 3rd inst. At Kyak island great fissures were opened in the earth and a tidal wave followed which swept inland hundreds of feet beyond the highest water mark on record.

On the mainland the mountains were split and torn by mighty convulsions. Great gaping fissures, twenty to one hundred feet in width are to be seen where formerly a mass of solid rock presented itself. In a number of instances mountain peaks were cleft in twain and hurled into the valleys, thousands of feet below. Everything was in motion. The whole country appeared as if dancing a hornpipe at the bidding of nature's giant forces. Passengers on the steamer Excelsior say it was at the same time one of the grandest and most awful scenes old mother earth ever presented to the gaze of an awe-stricken people.

The shock on the same day was felt all along the coast. Skaguay and Summit were considerably shaken, while at Juneau there was just sufficient disturbance of the earth to be noticeable.

On Sunday the shocks were continuous from noon till about 8 o'clock in the evening at various points along the Alaska Pacific seaboard. The only one, however of an alarming character felt in Juneau occurred at about 1 p. m. It continued for over half a minute and threatened ruin to the large mirrors and plate glass windows of saloons and stores. Everybody, particularly the ladies, were more or less excited, and in an incredibly short time houses were emptied and the streets crowded with an anxious throng of people.

At Douglas island and in the Silver Bow basin, miners working under ground were driven to the surface.

Many of the glaciers in the vicinity were considerably shaken and huge masses of ice precipitated into the ocean.

The steamer Dora which arrived at Juneau on Thursday morning brought an account of the de-

struction to the westward. The passengers report that on Sunday morning there was a succession of shocks at Yakutat bay which culminated at about 8 o'clock in the morning, when it seemed as if all the earth's artillery had opened fire on the bay and surrounding country.

At Kaunthauk island there were alternate depressions and upheavals of the earth which finally left one half the island some ten or fifteen feet below the level of low water mark. The old Russian graveyard, so long an object of interest to visitors, is entirely submerged, its position beneath the waters being indicated by the thirty-foot cross, the top of which is still seen above the surface at low water.

The shock at Yakutat bay lasted for about two minutes, during which time there was, among the Indians in particular, the wildest excitement imaginable. Everybody was thrown to the ground by the violent swaying motion of the earth. All were affected by a sensation such as accompanies seasickness. The waters of the bay were churned as if into yeast and appeared to whirl and run in every direction at the same time, great ruts were torn in the beaches, drift wood and debris was thrown upon the cliffs natives screaming with terror, ran to the hills or took refuge on boats in the harbor, great fissures opened in the earth, the mission church bell rang as if calling out a fire brigade, while all the forces of nature, animate and inanimate, seemed to wail a funeral dirge amid the crash of ruin.

Fortunately no lives were lost, and as the houses are mostly one story buildings it is not thought the damage will be great.

The earthquake which was general at points to the north and west was not felt at Wrangel, although ship men coming in to this point all report having experienced the shocks. Captain Crook of the steamer Alaska reports that in Gastineau channel and Stephen's passage, near Taklu, the ice from the glaciers was so thick as to greatly impede navigation.

Another shock was felt in Juneau on Friday Sept. 15. At the Louvre theatre the excitement was so great as to completely empty the house of its numerous patrons.

Church Announcement.

The subject of the sermon Sunday evening Sept. 24th., will be "The Pathway to Faith." Special Sunday school service in the afternoon: "Rally Sunday." All are cordially invited.

H. P. CORSER,
Pastor.

KLAWOCK IS DESTROYED

The Bustling Little Town on Prince of Wales Wiped Out By Fire

Loss is Heavy—No Insurance.

The cry of fire when heard in Alaska is one which is fraught with the gravest consequences and is well calculated to make men's hearts stand still.

It was this cry which was heard on Monday last in the little village of Klawock, located on the west side of Prince of Wales Island; and two hours later there was nothing remaining of the town save only a mass of smouldering ruins. The fire started at 10 a. m., in the cannery of the North Pacific Trading & Packing Company which is located at Klawock. It spread so rapidly that those at work in the cannery barely had time to escape with their lives. In a very few minutes the cannery was in a mass of flames and the fire had communicated to adjoining buildings, once started there was no stop until everything was wiped out. The cannery, sawmill, store warehouses, messrooms, bunkhouses, and a score or more of dwellings were all destroyed.

The fire was caused by an explosion of gasoline which was used to heat soldiering irons.

The greatest loss is the loss of the greater part of the season's pack of fish. About 7000 cases were sent below a short time ago and the balance amounting to about 12000 cases was in warehouse awaiting the arrival of the ship, which is already on the way from San Francisco, and was entirely destroyed. There happened to be 4000 pounds of giant powder stored in one of the buildings, but fortunately it was gotten out and removed to a place of safety, otherwise the loss of life would have been terrible, as it was a number of persons were badly burned, none seriously. The loss will foot up to \$100,000 with no insurance.

A. S. Wadleigh the superintendent, and H. F. Swift, bookkeeper, are both well known in Wrangel, and a great deal of sympathy is felt for them particularly as they were both interested financially in the business. Mr. Swift left on the Cottage City for San Francisco; and it is not known until he returns whether the cannery will be rebuilt. Mr. Wadleigh remains at the scene of the fire.

Subscribe for the JOURNAL



MATTHEW ELDER, editor of the Inner Circle, had gone out for half an hour to synchronize his watch, and his assistant, J. Graham Champnes, reigned temporarily in his stead. On every occasion when Elder was absent, whether he had gone out to get his hair cut (at a restaurant opposite), or was away on a two-months' holiday, or had taken a week off because he felt far from well, J. Graham Champnes reigned in his stead, endowed with plenary powers. He was ambitious, and intelligent, and hard-working, and trustworthy; Matthew Elder, brilliant and lazy, had long since recognized that. Elder thought of things to do—Champnes did them.

A clerk had just laid on Champnes' desk the form which a visitor had filled up:

NAME, Miss Cynthia Page.
TO SEE, The Editor.
BUSINESS, Private.
DATE, 3.5.99.

"Well, I'll see her," said Champnes. He had seen the name Cynthia Page in good magazines, appended to curious and interesting stories.

He was not ill-pleased, when the clerk showed her in, to find that she had youth and beauty on pale and mystical lines. Her long, raised lashes, and the lingering glance of her gray



MISS PAGE WAS A LITTLE DOUBTFUL.

eyes, seemed to say: "You do interest me." J. Graham Champnes found himself hoping that Matthew Elder, after synchronizing his watch, would find it necessary to go and see a man about a dog—or, at any rate, would delay his return. In the meanwhile he was anxious to know what he could do for Miss Page.

"I am speaking to the editor?" said Miss Page, a little doubtfully.

"The actual editor, Mr. Elder, is not in at present, but I have full powers to act for him."

"I see." She was still in doubt.

"Pray be assured of it. I can make contracts with you, accept stories from you, sign checks for you, so if you have anything to propose—"

"Oh, it's not that! In fact, I came in consequence of a proposition which he had already made to me."

"Well, I shall be very glad to carry on anything that he has begun. As a rule he mentions these things to me, but this time I am in the dark."

She smiled mysteriously. "But you can't be sure that you would wish to carry on what he has begun."

"As Mr. Elder is the supreme authority here, I should have no choice. But, even if I had, what you suggest is extremely unlikely."

"Why unlikely? No two men can have minds exactly alike. It's such a funny arrangement you have here."

"It works well enough in practice. We both know the character of our paper, and what our public wants. I say it is unlikely that I should be unwilling to carry on whatever Mr. Elder has begun, for this reason and also because I know and admire your work."

"Oh, do you think it's any good?"

"Of course I do."

"Speaking frankly?"

"Speaking frankly, it's full enough of faults; some of it seems to have run away with you and got all over the place. But it's horribly interesting all the same. You see, it's original."

"Oh, yes!" she assented. "I am original. If I were not, I shouldn't be here."

"That sounds cryptic," he said. "Possibly, I shall understand it when I know the nature of Mr. Elder's proposal. He wants some stories from you?"

"No, no."

"Then what is it?"

"Do you know that I'm afraid I can't tell you."

"Very well, then; there's nothing more to be said. Mr. Elder is out at present. You'd better call again. I suppose you think it would make some difference whether Mr. Elder went on with his business, or I did?"

"I'm sure it would—the greatest difference."

"You think I shouldn't do as well?"

"Not as well. You'd do better—indefinitely better. Oh, I must go," she blushed, rose, good-bye, and faded out of the office.

Ten minutes later Matthew Elder, middle-aged, bald and cheerful, sauntered into the room with his hands in his pockets.

"Well, Bill! Everything all right?"

Mr. Elder had not found in the assortment of names provided for Champnes by the accident of his birth and the guesswork of his christening anything which took his fancy.

"No," said Champnes shortly, still irritated by his interview with Cynthia Page. "Quart into a tin pot. Plugged up with ads, and Rowse has just sent up that he'll want another half-page. We shall have to leave over everything that'll wait, and some things that won't."

"Ah! you don't keep a tight enough hand on Rowse."

"Step in and tackle him yourself. Here, this woman called to see you—wouldn't tell me her business."

Matthew Elder took this paper slip and sank down in a chair.

"Bill, this is rather bad. I ought to have been in. What with my unfortunate enthusiasms, and my wretched memory, I shall get myself into trouble. Listen, I met this girl two or three times a year ago; never gave her another thought till I came on a story by her that was perfectly magnificent—O, horribly good!—probably the best story that has been written in this century. I dashed off a letter to her at once, and so worked up myself about it that I said, to show my sincerity, that if she liked I'd marry her, and she could call at the office this morning with her answer. She'd have refused me, of course, as they all do, and perhaps I'm better single; but, none the less, it would have been more civil not to have forgotten the appointment."

"Really," said Champnes, "you must be a little mad."

"Undoubtedly," answered Elder, cheerfully. "It's the price one pays for being so excessively intelligent."

Champnes stared blankly at the desk, trying to recall the exact words of his conversation with Cynthia Page.

"Look here, Bill," said Elder, "write and say you want to see her about a story; then when she comes do the explaining for me. Say I was called away by telegram. Say it was from motives of delicacy. Say anything."

The following is from a subsequent issue of the Tea Cup: a journal conducted by ladies for ladies:

"One of the most brilliant of our lady writers, Miss Cynthia Page, is, it is whispered, shortly to be led to the hymeneal altar. The fortunate partner of her future joys and sorrows is J. Graham Champnes, a young journalist of great promise. Our heartiest congratulations. Speaking of weddings, have you seen the really beautiful designs in

pearl-ettes—indistinguishable from real pearls—now being shown in the windows of * * *?—Black and White.

King of Stowaways.

The steamship Lackawanna brought into Philadelphia recently a boy who is probably the most famous stowaway on the Atlantic. The fact that the captain of the Lackawanna had involuntarily carried him thrice across the sea is a fair test of his ability to secrete himself, as on each occasion the vessel has been thorough searched before leaving Liverpool. Edward Murphy is only 15 years old. He hails from Birkenhead, England, and has never had a home other than the gutters of the world's largest city can afford. He began the stowaway business some years ago, when less than 10, and has made a great success of it. He has visited most of the shipping ports of the Atlantic, and many South American and African countries besides. During the past year he has traveled from Liverpool to New York, to Santos, to Rosario, to Argentine Republic, to the Barbadoes, to Southampton, to Liverpool, to Philadelphia. He is known to every skipper who sails from London, and as a rule is a favorite with officers and men. Captain Wythe, of the Lackawanna, thinks so much of him that he has offered to adopt him, but Murphy cannot give up his roving life. If he can escape from the Lackawanna—on board which ship, in accordance with the law which requires every sea captain to pay a fine for foreigners brought to America without money, he is closely confined—he will probably beat his way across America and "ship" on some Pacific collier, as he has always expressed a desire to go to the Klondike.

PREHISTORIC MAN.

He Had a Third Eye on the Top of the Head.

Deep researches as to the structure of the human body have recently furnished some startling facts regarding changes which man is at present undergoing physically.

It is believed that man was formerly endowed with more teeth than he possesses now. Abundant evidence exists that, ages and ages ago, human teeth were used as weapons of defense. Unintentionally traces of such use are often revealed by a sneer. The teeth are sometimes bared, dog-like, ready, as it were, for action.

The practice of eating our food cooked and the disuse of teeth as weapons are said to be responsible for the degeneration that is going on. The wisdom teeth, in fact, are disappearing. Human jaws, found in reputed Palaeolithic deposits have wisdom teeth with crowns as large, if not larger, than the remaining molars.

In ancient times a short-sighted soldier or hunter was almost an impossibility; to-day a whole nation is afflicted with defective vision. It is almost certain that man once possessed a third eye, by means of which he was enabled to see above his head. The human eyes formerly regarded the world from the two sides of the head. They are even now gradually shifting to a more forward position.

In the dim past the ear-flap was of great service in ascertaining the direction of sounds, and operated largely in the play of the features. But the muscles of the ear have fallen into disuse, for the fear of surprise by enemies no longer exists.

Again, our sense of smell is markedly inferior to that of savages. That it is still decreasing is evidenced by observations of the olfactory organ. But the nose still indicates a tendency to become more prominent.

Trees Suggested Skeeters.

'Tis not often one runs across a loquacious street-car conductor. Usually they are just about as talkative as graven images. But there was a new man on the Indiana avenue line and he was hungry for a talk. Along about Forty-seventh street a man took a standing seat on the back platform and the conductor fastened on him instantly.

"That's a fine grove of trees," he remarked, pointing to a grove of maples, "but whenever I see trees I say to myself 'skeeters.' Yes, sir; that's the very first thing I say to myself—'skeeters.' I hate skeeters. I can't abide 'em. Consequently I don't like trees. No, sir; I'm a treeless plain man, I am—a boundless prairie feller. Why, sir, I had a good job and as nice a little home as you ever see down East an' I wuz fixed for life right there. But it was down in Jersey. An' the skeeters bit me till I didn't know my own name; would have answered to the name of Smith or Jones just as well. Well, sir, I throwed up my job an' sold my home and I started for New York. But, Lord love you, sir, I got into 'trouble quick. They stopped me 'fore I could get into New York. They said I had the smallpox, I was bit up so frightful. But I finally got West, an' here I am. An' whenever I see trees I think skeeters. Why, sir, down in Jersey many's the time I've seen them skeeters flyin' about smokin' clay pipes; yes, sir, smokin' clay pipes—to keep the other skeeters off 'em. Once I—"

But here the passenger jumped off between two blocks—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Colorado's Gold Exhibit.

A solid gold nugget miniature of Pike's Peak, weighing over two tons and worth a million dollars, will be Colorado's gold exhibit at the Paris Exposition. It will reach New York City under guard in a special car, and thence the government will convey it to Paris. The exposition commissioners have guaranteed its safe return. It is supposed to duplicate the mountain in its natural features, so that visitors to its summit will recognize it in the nugget. The signal station on the summit, a squat building only eighteen feet high, but perhaps forty long and fifteen wide, will appear. Climbing up Engleman's Canon will be seen the famous cog road, with perhaps an engine and a coach, the regulation train on the highest railroad in the world.

Travel in Dancing.

An average waltz takes a dancer over about three-quarters of a mile, a square dance makes him cover half a mile. A girl with a well-filled program travels thus in one evening: Twelve waltzes, nine miles; four other dances at half a mile apiece, which is hardly a fairly big estimate, two miles more; the intermission stroll, and the trips to the dressing-room to renovate her gown and complexion, half a mile; grand total, eleven and a half miles.

Madrid's Slums.

Madrid abounds in slums, which are even greater eyesores than those of Whitechapel. There are labyrinths of narrow old streets, bordered by the most uninviting hovels; and from the squalor of these abodes spring the components of the ferocious mobs which are the bane of the city.

There is a great difference in women, but men are nearly always the same.

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25 CENTS PER QUART.

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10 a. m.	9 a. m.	11 a. m.	Skagway	Lv Sitka South bd	Skagway	Juneau	Tacoma	Tacoma	a. m.
July 25	July 29	Aug. 2	Aug. 5	Aug. 8	Aug. 11	Aug. 14	Aug. 17	Aug. 20	Aug. 23
Aug. 4	Aug. 8	Aug. 12	Aug. 15	Aug. 18	Aug. 21	Aug. 24	Aug. 27	Aug. 30	Sept. 2
Aug. 11	Aug. 15	Aug. 19	Aug. 22	Aug. 25	Aug. 28	Aug. 31	Sept. 3	Sept. 6	Sept. 9
Aug. 18	Aug. 22	Aug. 26	Aug. 29	Aug. 31	Sept. 3	Sept. 6	Sept. 9	Sept. 12	Sept. 15
Aug. 25	Aug. 29	Sept. 2	Sept. 5	Sept. 8	Sept. 11	Sept. 14	Sept. 17	Sept. 20	Sept. 23
Sept. 1	Sept. 5	Sept. 9	Sept. 12	Sept. 15	Sept. 18	Sept. 21	Sept. 24	Sept. 27	Sept. 30
Sept. 8	Sept. 12	Sept. 16	Sept. 19	Sept. 22	Sept. 25	Sept. 28	Oct. 1	Oct. 4	Oct. 7
Sept. 15	Sept. 19	Sept. 23	Sept. 26	Sept. 29	Sept. 31	Oct. 4	Oct. 7	Oct. 10	Oct. 13
Sept. 22	Sept. 26	Sept. 30	Oct. 3	Oct. 6	Oct. 9	Oct. 12	Oct. 15	Oct. 18	Oct. 21
Sept. 29	Oct. 3	Oct. 7	Oct. 10	Oct. 13	Oct. 16	Oct. 19	Oct. 22	Oct. 25	Oct. 28
Oct. 6	Oct. 10	Oct. 14	Oct. 17	Oct. 20	Oct. 23	Oct. 26	Oct. 29	Nov. 1	Nov. 4
Oct. 13	Oct. 17	Oct. 21	Oct. 24	Oct. 27	Oct. 30	Nov. 2	Nov. 5	Nov. 8	Nov. 11
Oct. 20	Oct. 24	Oct. 28	Oct. 31	Nov. 3	Nov. 6	Nov. 9	Nov. 12	Nov. 15	Nov. 18

Steamers call at Mary Island, Ketchikan and Wrangel, north and south bound. The Cottage City will call at Victoria, B. C., north and south bound. The above dates are only approximate. For further information obtain folder. The Company reserves the right to change without previous notice, steamers sailing date or hour of sailing.

AGENTS: McKinnon wharf and Forwarding Co., Wrangel, H. F. ROBINSON, Alaska Supt., Juneau, T. F. Trowbridge, Puget Sound Supt., Seattle, GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents, San Francisco.

SUPPOSE WE SMILE.

HUMOROUS PARAGRAPHS FROM THE COMIC PAPERS.

Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over—Sayings that Are Cheerful to Old or Young—Funny Selections that Everybody Will Enjoy.

De Garry—Are you sure no one was looking when you kissed her? Merritt—Positive. She wasn't even looking herself.—Town Topics.

Madge—Why are you buying such expensive stockings? You don't need them. Mayme—Oh, I'll put them away for a rainy day.—Town Topics.

His Honor—Young man, do you appreciate the solemnity of an oath; do you know what an oath is? Boy—Ye-es, sir; I caddled for you last Sunday.—Life.

"Doctor, my husband says black and red spots appear before his eyes every night. What do you advise?" "I advise that he stop playing poker."—Chicago News.

Husband—I am going to join another club to-night. Wife—I don't suppose I shall see you at all after this. Husband—Oh, yes! They have a ladies' day.—Puck.

Tommy—It was a dreadful day the last time I went to grandma's. It blowed and it—Mother—It "blowed" is not proper. Say it "blew." Tommy—It blew and it snow awful.—Tit-Bits.

Kelly (growing pathetic)—Pity a poor, unfortunate man, Kelliher, that's got to go home to his wife! Kelliher—Brace up, Kelly! Brace up! Ye should be thankful ye are not the Sultan!—Puck.

Hogan—Schwarzmeister was tellin' me that Uncle Sam could never lick the Filippinos. Grogan—An' did ye show him he was wrong? "Oi did. Oi think he will be out in about a fortnight."—Indianapolis Journal.

"Is the cashier in?" "No, he's not." "When will he be back?" "Can't say. He skipped for Canada about an hour ago." "Just my luck! I'm his brother, and he took my hat by mistake this morning!"—Yonkers Statesman.

"What is that old proverb about the moss and the rolling stone?" queried the Chicago paleo. "A revolving fragment of the paleozoic age collects no cryptogamous vegetation," replied her cousin from Boston.—Chicago News.

"Seems odd, nowadays, that such poets as Moore and all of them were always writing 'Lines to Fannie.'" "Probably Pegasus is like other horses, and they gave the lines to Fannie so as to have their hands free."—Harlem Life.

Nice Old Lady—Will you kindly tell me if the lady who writes the "Mother's Page" in your paper is in? I want to tell her how much I enjoyed reading her articles on "The Evening Hour in the Nursery." Office Boy—That's him over there with the pink shirt, smokin' a cigar.—Tit-Bits.

"Did you hear about Lucy Weston and Al Winslow falling out?" "No! When did that happen? Pshaw, it can't be true. I saw them together last night." "Yes, it's really so. They went rowing on the pond in the park day before yesterday and tried to change seats in the boat."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Tommy—Miss Upjohn, I want to know the names of the twelve disciples. His Sunday School Teacher—Certainly, Tommy. They were Peter, James, John, Andrew, Philip, Thomas, Judas and—and I can find the names of the others in a moment. Tommy—No fair lookin'! I knowed you couldn't do it!—New York Evening World.

Young lady—The musical conservatory is in this building, isn't it? Janitor—No, mum. The musical conservatory is 'bout two blocks down street. Young lady (dubiously)—I—I was sure I heard pupils practicing vocal exercises. Are you sure the musical conservatory is not here? Janitor—Yes'm. Nothin' but dentists' offices, mum.—New York Weekly.

"Great Scott, man," thundered the householder to the lee man, as he looked at his bill for the month, "do you want to make an independent fortune in one season?" "Well," said the man, "I read in a scientific treatise that the sun was gradually losing its heat, and I can't run any chances of being without the means of a livelihood."—Kansas City Star.

"Won't you sit down in this chair, Willie?" said the kind lady who lived next door to the little fellow who had come to pay her a call. "If it's all the same to you, ma'am," said the little visitor, a shadow of pain creeping over his innocent face, "I'll prefer to sit in a chair with a soft cushion. I hid pa's collar button yesterday morning and he found it out."—Boston Traveler.

"It's a great scheme!" exclaimed Farmer Cornatossel; "a great scheme." "What's happenin'?" asked his wife. "They're buildin' good roads all around Havana. They're goin' at it enthusiastically an' industriously. An' I'm in great hopes that after they get through with good roads in Cuba they'll work around by degrees to the similar needs of some of us folks in the United States."—Washington Star.

"THE WOMAN IN WHITE."

She Is Now the Wife of Mr. H. S. Sternberger of Cripple Creek.

"The Woman in White" is married. Recently the Iowa girl who so nearly prevented the nomination of William J.

Bryan for the Presidency at the Chicago convention in 1896 became the wife of H. S. Sternberger, of Cripple Creek. Her maiden name was Minnie F. Murray.

Miss Murray was an editor and a Democrat. She was an enthusiastic partisan of ex-Governor Horace Boies, of Iowa, and supported him at all times through the medium of the Nashua (Iowa) Reporter, of which she was editor and part proprietor. In 1896, when Governor Boies had designs upon the Presidency, Miss Murray was so ardent in his behalf that she attended the Chicago convention and electioneered in his favor among the national delegates from one end of the great hall to the other.

On Saturday, July 10, the last day of the convention, after Bland's name had been turned down and before Bryan had become the dominant factor, Miss Murray could no longer contain herself. She saw an opportunity to gain an advantage for her favorite, and acted upon it without delay.

The convention had just adjourned for dinner. Not a delegate had left the hall. Miss Murray was seated in the balcony. She was dressed wholly in white. She waved a handkerchief and shouted the name of Boies.

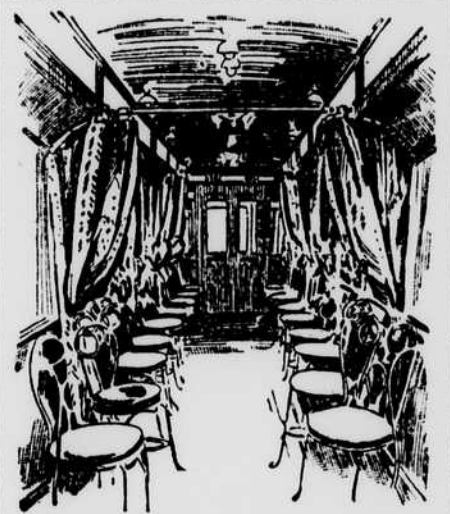
In a minute she had attracted the attention of thousands of delegates and visitors. Every eye was fastened upon "The Woman in White." For a while nobody knew her name, but even the friends of other candidates shared the enthusiasm of the fair partisan, and shout after shout went up from the thousands of throats below. Louder and louder, and soon the streets of Chicago were resonant with the name of Horace Boies, of Iowa.

Had the convention then been in session it is more than likely that Horace Boies and not William J. Bryan would have been nominated for the Presidency.

TROLLEY CAR FUNERALS.

Threaten to Supplant Those of the Old Style in Chicago.

Trolley car funerals threaten to supplant the old style in Chicago. A saving of expense is one of the chief arguments in favor of the new plan. The



INTERIOR OF A FUNERAL CAR.

undertakers dislike to give up the liberal commissions from livery establishments they once enjoyed, but popular feeling is too strong to withstand. It costs but \$11 for a motor car and a trailer, with an extra charge of \$3 for every additional car needed.

On the line of the Chicago Electric Traction Company, a special funeral car, the Virginia, is provided. It is dark-green in color. At each end is a vestibule, having a door in its front for the admission of the casket. In one of these vestibules the casket remains during the journey to the cemetery, screened from the rest of the car by heavy curtains. The car proper is richly furnished, and accommodates twenty persons.

The Calumet company has no special funeral car, but the back is removed from the seat of an ordinary motor car and on this the casket is placed. On either side of the casket the pall-bearers take their places while relatives and friends occupy the remaining seats. On the Calumet line, which covers a wide stretch of territory, south of 63d street, the number of trolley funerals sometimes reaches five a day. Arrangements with the undertakers in suburbs along the line are made by the company.

Worse than a Dentist.

There is in Toledo a young grocery clerk who would like to meet the inventor of the self-coiling string-holder. That man is responsible for the grocery clerk's undoing.

The clerk got into the habit years ago of biting off the string instead of breaking it, after tying bundles. Naturally his teeth protested against the practice. At length they gave up and wore out.

He bought false teeth. Before he fairly got acquainted with them, so to speak, the patent string-holder was es-

tablished in the store. Then, as fate would have it, a young woman whom he secretly admired came in to buy five pounds of sugar.

With the activity of an anxious lover he made up the package and tied it. Then, according to his old custom, he bent forward and severed the string with his teeth.

But he forgot the holder, and he did not realize the end of the cord had wedged itself between two of his new teeth—until, as the spring rolled up the slack, his "plate" was hoisted from his mouth and triumphantly waved aloft at the end of the string.

HOLY MAN OF BENARES.

Dead After Many Years of Self-Imposed Suffering.

The famous Hindu holy man is dead. His name was Swami Bhaskarananda and he lived in the city of Benares. This devout Brahmin, who kept himself naked and self-immured, was visited by nearly all the Indian tourists during their stay at Benares, including the Prince of Wales. He spent his life in a rigid posture, giving no heed to his visitors and patiently waited for death in the holy city which, according to Hindu belief, means life everlasting. Swami Bhaskarananda's whole life was devoted to one object—that of ob-



HOLY MAN'S POSTURE FOR YEARS.

taining emancipation for the imprisoned spirit by such bodily austerities as he believed would annihilate its conscious connection with the body and with material things. To attain this end he forsook his kindred and turned his back upon society. He sought out a filthy cave and there sat in a painful posture of the body for many years. That there could be no greater martyrdom than that which this devotee chose for himself is attested by the fact that tourists in India were not content with viewing the Golden Temple, the shrine of the monkeys and the cesspools of the gods, but almost without exception directed their footsteps to the cell of the heathen saint seeking reunion with God. Even Christian martyrdom tells no more pathetic tale of the sacrifice of the body to save the soul.

DR. JOACHIM.

Recently Celebrated the 60th Anniversary of His Debut as a Violinist.

Dr. Joseph Joachim, who recently celebrated the sixtieth anniversary of his debut as a violinist and was signally honored at Berlin, is not so old as his long career would lead one to believe. Joachim, it must be remembered, came before the public, like Rubinstein, when he was a child. He is now 68 years old. He was born in Hungary and studied music at Vienna under Joseph Boehm. Later he was under the care of David and of Moritz Hauptmann. His first visit to Paris was in 1850, by which time, although he was only 19 years of age, he was already celebrated. In the same year, while still in his teens, Joachim was appointed director of the concerts at Weimar, and three years subsequently master of



DR. JOSEPH JOACHIM.

the Chapel Royal at Hanover. His title of musical doctor was conferred upon him by the University of Cambridge in 1877. Although his fame is chiefly due to his rare mastery as an instrumentalist, Joachim is a composer of the Schumann school. In 1882 he was appointed conductor of the Royal Academy of Music at Berlin and musical director of the Royal Academy of Arts. Oxford has given him her degree of doctor of civil law.

The summer girl should not extend her gadding beyond the age of twenty.

Duncan McKinnon

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Royal will keep fresh and sound, and is the only baking powder that can be used to advantage in Alaska and the Klondike.

LOCAL NEWS.

Fresh Bread at Weigels Bakery.

Remember the government has failed to provide schools for the children of Wrangel; and as the young Americans must be educated, the burden falls on the citizens.

The many friends of Mr. Bolton, formerly wharfinger on the C. P. R. wharf, will regret to learn of his sudden death which occurred recently at Revelstoke. He leaves a wife and two small children.

Weigel makes a specialty of fine pastry to order.

The JOURNAL is in receipt of a letter from Hon. Wm. Sulzer, congressman from New York who was visiting during the summer. The congressman is very warm in his praise of Alaska and Alaskans.

For a first class shave, hair cut or shampoo, patronize the O. K. Tonsorial parlors. Finest brands of Cigars & Tobaccos.

The Alaska Packers Association cannery has closed for the season, having packed over 50,000 cases of salmon. The Scudfield left a few days ago with the pack and Chinamen bound for San Francisco.

Hans Anderson of Ketchikan is spending a few days in town. He reports Ketchikan growing rapidly with a good outlook for big business next spring.

If all the weddings recommended by Prof. McDonald were to take place, Wrangel would be kept busy attending them. Rumor says that a number of them will come off in the near future.

Miss Treadwell returned from Klavock on Monday and left Thursday on the Cottage City bound for San Francisco.

F. W. Carlyon has left for Dawson City.

Jabob Babbler, Supt. of the Alaska Packers Association cannery, left on the Topeka for San Francisco.

Harry Wallace, at one time Deputy Marshall at Wrangel, returned on the Cottage City from Dawson City where he has been for some time past.

Mr. Cunningham, the new school teacher, arrived from Seattle on the Al-ki. School will open in the church on Monday next, and it is to be hoped that all parents will avail themselves of this opportunity of giving their children an education.

Hunt Grocery Co.

You are cordially invited to purchase and eat our fresh fruits and vegetables etc. etc. Just received.

Not the Wisest Way.

It is not always the best to wait until it is needed before buying a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera Diarrhoea Remedy. Quite frequently the remedy is required in the very busiest season or in the night and much inconvenience and suffering must be borne before it can be obtained. It costs but a trifle as compared with its real worth and every family can afford to keep it in their home. It is everywhere acknowledged to be the most successful medicine in the world for bowel complaints. For sale by Wrangel Drug Co.

Thanks!

I wish to express my deep felt gratitude to the ladies of Wrangel for their expressions of sympathy over my late bereavement, and for the magnificent floral offerings which were sent in. I also wish to thank the gentlemen who lent their aid both before and after the funeral. I assure the people of Wrangel generally, both white and native, that I shall always cherish in memory the exhibition of their profound respect shown to my late beloved wife Mary M. McKinnon.

D. McKinnon.

Symphony Orchestra.

An orchestra is being organized by a number of the boys of Co. L. 24 Infantry. The organization is to be known as the "Symphony Orchestra."

The organization is under the direction of P. W. Barnett, and is composed as follows:

P. W. Barnett—Violoncello, violin and flute.
Fred Joiner—1st Mandolin.
Edward Collins—2nd Mandolin.
Eugene Swanson—Violin.
George Payne—Guitar.
William Jennings—Cornet.
Charley Fletcher—Banjo.
John Taylor—Tambourine and triangle.

The organization will soon be completed, after which it will make its appearance.

School Fund.

The following monthly subscriptions to run for a period of nine months have been received at this office for the benefit of the Fort Wrangel School Fund:

Reid & Sylvester	\$5.00
D. McKinnon	5.00
W. D. Grant	5.00
St. Michaels Trading Company	2.50
T. A. Willson	2.50
J. R. McKeand	2.50
E. N. Whitney	2.00
George Weigel	1.00
E. Haw	1.00
L. M. Churchill	1.00
O. W. Stanton	1.00
P. C. Jensen	1.00
I. Frohman	1.00
H. C. Tait	1.00
B. W. Kibbler	1.00
H. P. Corser	1.00
W. M. Taylor	1.00
W. J. Sully	1.00
D. Sinclair	.50
W. G. Thomas	1.00
C. P. Cole	1.00
F. W. Lapsley	1.00
Bruno Grief	1.00
Wm. Cook	.25
Miss Erheart	1.00

In addition to the above there has been received cash subscriptions amounting to \$10.00. There are still many persons who are without children and who can well afford to pay something each month towards supporting a good school; and such persons would confer a great favor on the trustees if they would do this office and put their names down for what they can afford to pay.

Chronic Diarrhoea Cured.

This is to certify that I have had chronic diarrhoea ever since the war. I got so weak I could hardly walk or do anything. One bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy cured me sound and well.

J. R. Gibbs, Pinecastle, Va.

I had chronic diarrhoea for twelve years. Three bottles of Chamberlain's diarrhoea, Colic and Cholera Remedy cured me.

For sale by the Wrangel Drug Co.

IN THE UNITED STATES COMMISSIONERS COURT FOR THE DISTRICT OF ALASKA. IN PROBATE.

In the matter of the estate of KONK, deceased.

Clarence Thwing the executor of the above named estate having filed his final account as such executor, and asks for his discharge.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN to all persons interested to be and appear before said Court at the Court House in Wrangel, Alaska, on Monday, the 18th day of September 1899, at 10 o'clock a. m. of said day then and there to show cause, if any there be, why such final account should not be approved and allowed and said executor discharged.

Dated at Wrangel, Alaska, this 17th day of August, 1899.

SEAL FRED. PAGE TUSTIN.
United States Commissioner and
Ex-Officio Probate Judge
Date of First Publication Aug. 19th., 1899.

J. R. McKeand.
Notary Public.

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